

COUNTY OFFICERS	
Sherriff	D. London.
Clerk & Register	W. R. Steckert.
Treasurer	G. M. E. Davis.
Pro's Attorney	J. O. Hadley.
Judge of Probate	A. Taylor.
C. C. Commissioner	
Surveyor	R. E. Britt.
Coroners	J. W. Shreman.
SUPERVISORS	S. Revel.
Grove Township	O. J. Bell.
South Branch	Ira H. Richardson.
Benton Creek	W. Baileys.
Maple Forest	Diane Willett.
Grindell	R. S. Babbitt.
Westerlyville	John F. Huu.
Ball	Chas. Jackson.
Center Plains	John P. Hilditch.

W. A. MASTERS—NOTARY PUBLIC—Can
anywhere—Will attend to making Deeds
Contracts, Mortgages, etc., etc.

N. H. GILBERT, M. D.

Physician, Surgeon, Etc.

U. S. Examining Surgeon for Pensions.

OTSEGO LAKE, MICH.

J. Maurice Finn,

NOTARY PUBLIC, AND DEPUTY

Clerk and Register,

OF CRAWFORD COUNTY.

A. H. SWARTHOUT.

ATTORNEY and SOLICITOR.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

Business in adjoining Counties solicited.

Real Estate, Insurance, & Collection Act.

GRAYLING, MICH.

N. E. Britt,

COUNTY SURVEYOR

OF CRAWFORD COUNTY.

Surveying in all of its branches, in-

cluding leveling, promptly attended to.

GRAYLING, MICH.

Michigan Central Railroad.

SAGINAW DIVISION.

Time Table—Jan 1, 1882.

NORTHWARD.

Saginaw &

STATIONS. Mail, Bay City Express.

Chicago,Leave 9:30 p.m. 9:00 a.m.

Jackson, 7:00 a.m. 4:15 p.m.

Rives June, 7:25 a.m. 4:40 p.m.

Mason, 7:35 a.m. 5:10 p.m.

Holt, 8:07 a.m. 5:22 p.m.

Lansing, 8:20 a.m. 5:35 p.m.

North Lansing, 8:25 a.m. 5:40 p.m.

Bath, 8:30 a.m. 5:55 p.m.

Lansburgh, 8:35 a.m. 6:10 p.m.

Bentzville, 9:10 a.m. 6:25 p.m.

D. & M. Crossing, 9:23 a.m. 6:38 p.m.

Oswego, 9:28 a.m. 7:00 p.m.

Oakley's, 9:32 a.m. 7:18 p.m.

Thesseling, 10:00 a.m. 7:30 p.m.

SOUTHWARD.

Jackson Express, Mail.

Bay City,Leave 7:00 a.m. 5:25 p.m.

West Bay City, 7:08 a.m. 5:30 p.m.

Zilwaukee, 7:35 a.m. 6:05 p.m.

F. & P. M. Trossing, 7:43 a.m. 6:15 p.m.

North Saginaw, 7:48 a.m. 6:20 p.m.

Saginaw City, 7:53 a.m. 6:30 p.m.

Paines, 8:10 a.m. 6:45 p.m.

St. Charles, 8:30 a.m. 7:10 p.m.

Chesterfield, 8:45 a.m. 7:30 p.m.

Oakley's, 8:55 a.m. 7:38 p.m.

Oswego, 9:20 a.m. 8:00 p.m.

D. & M. Crossing, 9:23 a.m. 8:23 p.m.

Bennington, 9:38 a.m. 8:35 p.m.

Lainsburgh, 9:50 a.m. 8:50 p.m.

Bath, 10:05 a.m. 9:05 p.m.

North Lansing, 10:20 a.m. 9:20 p.m.

Lansburgh, 10:25 a.m. 9:25 p.m.

Holt, 10:38 a.m. 9:38 p.m.

Mason, 10:50 a.m. 9:50 p.m.

Rives Junction, 11:23 a.m. 10:20 p.m.

Jackson, 11:45 a.m. 10:45 p.m.

Chicago, Arrive 7:49 p.m. 7:30 p.m.

All trains in Saginaw Division daily except Sundays. Connecting trains leave Chicago 9 a.m. daily except Sundays, and 9 p.m. daily except Saturdays. Wagner Sleeping Cars on night trains.

MACKINAW DIVISION.

NORTHWARD.

Stations. Mail, Freight.

West Bay City, Ly 8:15 a.m.

Bay City, 8:20 a.m.

Kawkawlin, 8:37 a.m. 8:45 a.m.

Pineconning, 9:23 a.m. 10:05 a.m.

Standish, 9:35 a.m. 11:15 a.m.

Wells, 10:33 a.m. 12:30 p.m.

West Branch, 11:15 a.m. 2:20 p.m.

St. Helen's, 11:50 a.m. 3:35 p.m.

Rosemorn, 12:20 p.m. 4:35 p.m.

GRAYLING, 1:15 p.m. 5:55 p.m.

Oscego Lake, 2:00 p.m. 7:25 p.m.

Gaylord, 2:20 p.m. 8:15 p.m.

Cheboygan, 4:35 p.m. 11:00 a.m.

Mackinaw City, 5:00 p.m. 4:30 p.m.

Bay City, Arrive 5:35 p.m.

All trains daily except Sundays.

E. C. BROWN, Ass't General Supt., Jackson.

FRANK J. WHITNEY, Ass't Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agt., Chicago.

H. B. LEDYARD, Gen'l Mgr., Detroit.

O. W. RUGGLES, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agt., Chicago.

HAVE YOUR

JOB PRINTING

DONE AT THE

AVALANCHE JOB OFFICE.

Crawford

Avalanche

O. PALMER.

JUSTICE AND RIGHT.

PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. III.

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1882.

NO. 43.

FABER FANCIES.

The new pump at the water tank is a work of perfection.

If you want to be happy—

No community can expect continued prosperity which entirely neglects the moral tone of society.

Sneak thieves are reported in town. Look out for them, and if you catch them give them a dose of lead.

If you want to drink freely of the pure joys of earth, and expect a happy hereafter—

Subscribe for the AVALANCHE, and don't forget to pay your subscription.

And wealth and honor will follow you through life.

All kinds of legal blanks at the post office.

Remember the lecture next Monday evening.

On Saturday, Mattie E. West sold to Nettie A. Putnam forty acres of land in Centre Plains township for one hundred dollars.

Who dare now deny the productivity of the plains? Tripletts in Centre Plains township, all doing well.

Work on Mr. Masters' store is in progress. Mr. Forbes having become able to resume work.

Lumber teams who were leaving the woods the first of the week are returning on a double quick.

Farms for sale in all parts of the county at A. H. Swarthout's office.

feb16w4

The Reed City Clarion, which was burned out two weeks ago, is out again clean and bright and newsy as ever. Bro. Barnes makes things "git".

W. A. Masters offers some choice lots for sale adjoining Goodale's addition.

Work on the interior of Finn's new store is progressing. It will be ready to receive stock soon after the front is received.

Deeds, mortgages, contracts, and all legal instruments skillfully executed by W. A. Masters.

Dr. W. C. Hayes, of Buffalo, N. Y., is in the city looking after a location for the practice of dentistry, and a healthy home. He need go no further to secure both.

Pine and farming lands bought and sold on commission by A. H. Swarthout.

Two "gentlemen from Africa" were in the city last week, desirous of entertaining our citizens at the open house Saturday evening, but as it was engaged they moved on.

If you want to secure a bargain on corner lots, apply at once to W. A. Masters.

We understand that Mr. Frank A. Curtiss is making considerable preparation for the manufacture of brick at his place on the South Branch, near Richmond's school house.

Insure with A. H. Swarthout in the Home, Watertown or the Underwriters Insurance Companies.

At Vaughn's camp on the north branch 3,000,000 feet have been put in and these are 1,500,000 more on the skids. After this is he has over 1,000,000 to cut and drag haul to the river.

The storm of Wednesday gave nearly a hundred mechanics here a lay off, during its continuance. The entire railroad force had to suspend operations.

A pack of fifteen wolves followed a team toting from Beaver Lake station recently to within one-half mile of the camp, on the Au Sable, there nothing that approaches so near heaven as company with a girl—a rosy, laughing, buxom girl; a frank, good-natured, honest girl; a feeling, flirting, dashing, doting, smiling, smacking, jolly, joking, jaunty, jovial, poser-poking, dear little duck of a girl; the funniest, fluffiest, frankest, fairest, roundest, ripest, roughest, rarest, spicest, squirmiest, squarest, best of girls, with drooping lashes half concealing amorous flashes—with rosy cheeks and clustering curls, the sweetest and the best of girls. He's got the honeymoon pretty bad, that's certain.

Some of the most desirable locations for business and dwelling in the village for sale by W. A. Masters.

On the 20th inst., at Henry Mantz & Co's Camp No. 1, J. Anger hauled a load of eleven logs four and a half miles, on an up grade, to the Manitou, which scaled 7,557 feet. Nick Kuehl, of girls.

He's got the honeymoon pretty bad, that's certain.

SLANG.

Editor Avalanche:

The prevalence of slang words,

phrases and sentences, seems to be in-

creasing to an alarming extent.

The American people have

been noted for their fluency of speech and elegance

of language. Are we deteriorating?

Do we progress backwards?

We can hardly pick up a newspaper but we find

The Avalanche

O. PALMER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

THE FLOWN BIRD.

The maple's leaves are whirled away;
The depths of the great plains are stirred;
Night settles on the silent day.
As in its nest the mountain bird
My wandering feet go up and down,
And back and forth from town to town.
Through the lone wood and by the sea,
To find the bird that fled from me;
I followed, and I follow yet—
I have forgotten to forget.
My heart goes back, but I go on,
Through summer heat and winter snow;
But here, we two no longer one,
But are divided by our love,
Go to the nest I built for all—
She may be hiding after all.
The empty nest, that it remains,
And leaves me in the long, long rains;
My sleeves with tears are always wet—
I have forgotten to forget.
Men know my story, but not me—
For such fidelity, they say,
Exists not—such a man as he
Exists not in the world to-day.
If his light bird has flown the nest,
She is no worse than all the rest;
Constant they are—not only good
To tell and coo, and hatch the brood;
He has but one thing to regret—
He has forgotten to forget.
All day I see the raven fly;
I hear the sea-birds scream all night;
The moon goes up and down the sky;
The sun comes in with ghostly light;
Leaves white, white flakes around me blow—
Are they spring blossoms or the snow?
Only my heart! Good by, my heart,
The time has come for us to part;
Be with you! You will be happy yet—
For death remembers to forget.
Translated from the Japanese.

THEIR SECOND YOUTH.

The Lady Annabel sat in a small room in her father's castle, looking out of a window which overlooked a wide landscape. Her maidens were in a little group at the other end of the apartment busily engaged at their embroidery, laughing and chattering and whispering, just as they might were they alive now—for this was many years ago and they are all dead and buried. The Lady Annabel took no notice of them; she was thinking. At last she looked up and yawned—"Oh, I am so sleepy and thirsty! Mabel, bring me some water."

Mabel obeyed—and as she received the cup again, she said "Your Ladyship will not be sleepy to-morrow!"

"To-morrow! What is to-morrow?" "Does not your Ladyship remember that to-morrow is your Ladyship's birthday?"

"My birthday? Oh, yes, so it is. I had forgotten all about it. We are to have a merry time of it, I believe; but I am sure I feel in no humor for merriment now. Lay down your work girls, for a little while, and take a stroll in the garden."

When she found herself alone, the Lady Annabel walked up and down the small apartment, then stopping before the looking glass she said: "My birthday! Am I indeed twenty-nine to-morrow? Twenty-nine! that sounds old! It is ten years since my father came into possession of this estate, and every one of those years have passed on just like another. I feel no older than I was then. I look no older." And she looked again into the mirror.

"I am no older in any one respect. How I wish they would let my birthday pass by in silence, and not distress me by publishing to all the assembled crowd that the Lady Annabel is now twenty-nine!"

Her reverie was soon disturbed by the hasty entrance of her father.

"Why, what makes you look so downcast, daughter? For shame! go down and assist in the preparations for to-morrow's feast, instead of moping here. But I must not forget to tell you I saw my neighbor L—— this morning. We passed through his grounds, and he joined our hunting party."

At this the Lady Annabel's color heightened visibly.

"He says he expects his son back in a few months; and he and I were setting, that as our estates touch, and as he has but one son, and I have but the daughter; but I hear my men; they have brought home the stags—one of them has such horns! You must come down after awhile and see them." So saying he left her.

"And Jasper is coming home," continued the Lady Annabel to herself. "How well do I remember the first time I saw him—it was on my birthday! I was 12 years old, and, although he was just my age, I was a tall girl and he a little boy. I refused to dance with him because he was a whole head shorter than I—but if my father and his have such plans for us—"

At this moment her companions returned, and, quieting their laughing countenances, sat down again to their embroidery.

The next day was one of unusual festivity. By mid-day the hall was crowded with ladies and gentlemen of high degree, from far and near. The music was loud, and dancing and feasting was the order of the day. The Lady Annabel, contrary to her expectation, was beguiled by the joy she saw on every face around her, and entered with great vivacity into every sport that was proposed. No laugh so loud as hers—no movement so full of glee. Late at night, when the guests had departed, she threw herself flushed and excited, into a large chair in her own room, and began to loosen the rose from her hair;

So it is all over; and I have been happy, very happy, indeed I have—only the recollection that it was my birthday which would intrude itself upon me, to damp my enjoyment, every now and then. I heard several people ask if it were true that it was my twenty-ninth birthday—they did not know it was my twenty-ninth. And that odious Miss What's-

her-name actually said I looked very well for that, very well, indeed. I should be glad, I know, to see her look half as well, though she was, as she says, a baby when I was almost grown up. Twenty-nine twenty-nine! Oh! I wish I was not so old!" and, covering her face with her hands, she burst into tears.

A few months more, and her father's death increased her seclusion. She has no relation left on earth, and entirely and bitterly does she pray that she may die, and leave this world of sorrow. She receives no visitors, and never appears abroad—only now and then, late in the afternoon, when the weather is fine, her tall, closely-veiled figure may be seen walking slowly through the study walks about the castle, and the village children coming home from school peep at her through the hedge and whisper: "It is only the old lady taking her walk."

We said visitors were never admitted there, and they were not. So much the greater then was the surprise of all the servants when, one day, a fine-looking middle-aged man was seen in the large parlor in converse with their mistress.

This state of things continued for some months, in spite of various remonstrances on the part of one father and polite speeches on the part of the other. In vain title deeds were shown him—in vain the contiguous estates were talked over and walked over. Jasper remained immovable.

At last, upon being formally and vigorously appealed to by his father as to his intentions concerning Lady Annabel, he obstinately refused to enter into any engagement with her whatsoever, alleging as a reason that she was too old to be his wife; and adding, she might be informed of his having said so, for might he cured.

Two days after he put the finishing stroke to his disobedience by eloping with the before-mentioned little girl of 16.

All this was conveyed to the Lady Annabel by her offended and indignant father. And now, indeed, was she unhappy—for she really loved this man, and knew herself to have been loved by him some years before.

"Too old for him, indeed!—too old for him! God knows my love for him may be older than it was, but it is only the stronger, the more enduring. Cruel, cruel Jasper, to cast me off thus; and for what?—because you were a head shorter than I, or the day when you deserted me because I was too old for you?"

HOW JAY GOULD WAS INTERVIEWED.

Jay Gould has the reputation of being the hardest man in the country to interview. He has probably not forgotten his experience in Denver some years ago. It was then as it is now, as it always has been and always will be—man speaks, and woman abides by it. The Lady Annabel pined and grieved and wept in secret; and talked and laughed and jested about the cloven-penit in public; and for a while no one knew that hers was a heavy-laden heart.

Tears do a great deal of mischief in the world, in the Lady Annabel's case they did a great deal. They took all the luster from her bright eyes; they washed away the color from her cheeks, and rolling down they wore for themselves channels in her smooth skin, so that by her 30th birthday people began to say, "the Lady Annabel is very much faded"; "the Lady Annabel is not quite so young as she was"—and one little lady, the odious little lady, as Lady Annabel had called her a year ago, was heard to say—"I did think she wore very well, but I don't think so now. To be sure, poor thing, she is not well selected—out, but it was of no use. 'I am a bigger man than you are,' Mr. Gould," explained the newspaper man, "and, if you try to put me out, you and I will have a fight right here."

The consummate churl of the man fairly fascinated Gould. In the meantime, Judge Usher was leaning back in his chair, convulsed with laughter. He had known the newspaper man for years, and fully appreciated the fact that he would stay till he got what he came for. Well, Gould put his hand over his mouth, with one finger stretched up alongside his hooked nose, and, looking all the time straight into the city editor's eyes, he commenced to talk. And he kept on talking until enough information had been secured.—*Denver Tribune.*

RATHER ENTHUSIASTIC.

The Wilmington (Del.) *Daily Republican* lately carried the following item of particular interest: "Dr. E. F. Speck connected with the Wilmington *Evening Evening*, speaks rather enthusiastically of St. Jacob Oil. Dr. Speck states that he uses the Oil in his family as a household remedy, a sort of universal panacea for all aches and pains, and has always found it to act most happily. His attention was called to it by the many testimonies in its favor and he one day used it upon himself for sore throat. Two applications were sufficient to effect a cure. He also used it on his little girl for sore throat with gratifying success. The same child had scurvy fever this winter, which left the tender little body one leg much contracted, suffered much inconvenience, and Dr. Speck applied the oil. St. Jacob Oil restored her limb to its normal condition and she has not experienced any trouble since. Dr. Speck states that he has also seen the Oil act charmingly in toothache. He thinks St. Jacob Oil is a sterling remedy, and does not hesitate to recommend it for rheumatism, etc."

TAKING WATER.

"I see," said Mrs. Brown, "that in this boat race the *Southerners* took water first. Poor fellows! How thirsty they must have been! but what do they put it in the paper for?"

"It doesn't mean that," jerked out Brown.

"Doesn't mean that!" said Mrs. B.; "then what does it mean?"

"Why," said Brown, "it means—why, it means that they were the first to take water, that's all. You women can never understand anything."

"The idea of letting women vote!" said Brown that evening.—*Boston Transcript.*

FOR OUR SHORT-HAIRED SISTERS.

Says the fashion writer of the New York *Evening Post*: Short hair is again in fashion, and, in spite of all that can be or has been said to the contrary, ladies are sacrificing all that remains of their "crowning glory," which is left

desolate since her bereavement, she has again taken up her residence with her father, and inhabits the same little room she formerly did.

A few months more, and her father's death increased her seclusion. She has no relation left on earth, and entirely and bitterly does she pray that she may die, and leave this world of sorrow. She receives no visitors, and never appears abroad—only now and then, late in the afternoon, when the weather is fine, her tall, closely-veiled figure may be seen walking slowly through the study walks about the castle, and the village children coming home from school peep at her through the hedge and whisper: "It is only the old lady taking her walk."

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RIGHTFUL EXPLOSION.

State People Killed and a Large Number Wounded by the Explosion of a Fireworks Factory at Chester, Pa.

Chester, Pa., Feb. 17.

This is the blackest day in the history of our city. Death in its most frightful shape has laid low nearly a score of our people, and many more have been wounded. The entire city is in mourning. Following close upon the destruction of the military academy—a severe loss of itself to our community—came an alarm of fire from Jackson's fire works and magazine. This was in the old Porter mansion, on Second street and the river front. Dr. Jackson had occupied it for the past six months. He composed a speech for his audience, and was running the place to keep it safely in order to supply his large trade. At 7:30 the alarm of fire was sounded. In five minutes after the alarm, the fire department was throwing water on the building.

A terrible explosion followed. The windows were shattered, the glass flying in every direction. The scene was horrible and so awful that it is impossible to describe it. The crowd of firemen were scattered in all directions, many of them with their bodies mangled beyond recognition. Some were badly torn, others it was impossible to tell what had become of them. The smoke was so dense that it was difficult to see what was happening. The firemen were scattered, some were dead, some were wounded, and many were missing.

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NEWS IN BRIEF.

FOREIGN.

—By an explosion of a colliery in Rhonda Valley, Wales, houses were shaken two miles off, and six persons were killed.

—Present indications for a good crop of spring wheat in England are according to the *Mark Lane Express*, favorable.

—Mrs. Lloyd, a temporary Magistrate of County Clare, was shot at from behind a wall at Ballyde, Ireland. Eleven arrests for outrage were made at Swords.

—Bulgaria is on the eve of another political crisis. The people desire a revision of the constitution, and Russia is disposed to suggest a return to a constitutional Government.

—At Edinburgh, Scotland, two boxes containing infernal machines were delivered to two different addresses, and upon being opened injured eight persons.

—On Parnell's farm at Avondale, Ireland, the tenant-farmers gathered and performed at necessary labor.

—The Pope has addressed a letter to the Italian Bishop on the subject of the increase of church work, and advocating the temporal independence of the Pope.

—The Egyptian Ministers have decided upon the total abolition of slavery, and to enforce it Kader Pasha has been appointed "Governor of the Sudan," and a special department will be created at Cairo. Instructions in regard to the slave trade are in preparation.

FINANCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

—Efforts to colonize the Northwestern Territory are being made by all the religious organizations in Canada. The price paid for land is \$2 per acre, half of which is refunded on actual settlement.

—The Department of Agriculture at Washington report the increase of exports in cotton last year at 3 per cent, the total acreage being estimated at 16,500,000.

—H. O. Kenyon & Co., operators on the Chicago Board of Trade, failed for a heavy amount. Several smaller firms have also gone under.

—The Onoko, the first iron steamboat ever built in Cleveland, Ohio, was launched there last week.

—At Macon, Ga., the City Savings Bank and the Farmers' and Traders' Bank suspended payment. The former had a capital of \$25,000, and held out despite \$55,000 loaning to the county grange. The latter was a private concern, with \$5,000 capital.

PERSONAL.

—Alexander H. Stephens, who has spent twenty-five years in Congress, has just celebrated his 70th birthday.

—A colored woman named Judy Powell has just died at Pittsburgh at the extraordinary age of 113 years.

—David Sibley, a wealthy book manufacturer of New York, who figured as Dan in Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad," is dead.

—Oscar Wildo faced a respectful audience of 5,000 Chingueans in Central Music Hall on the evening of the 13th inst. In the afternoon he was given a reception by Mrs. Franklin MacVeagh.

—The mortuary record of the week includes the names of Bishop William May Whigham, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and of John E. McDouough, the well-known actor.

—Mrs. E. T. Weston, of Peterboro, N. H., in excellent health and with unimpaired faculties, has just celebrated her 100th birthday.

—Joseph E. Sheldell, founder of the Yale Scientific School, is dead.

—John Porter, one of the oldest printers and publishers in New England, died at Rockland, Me., aged 75 years.

—Ex-President Wilson, of Yale, was presented with a gold medal by the faculty, commemorative of his fifty years' service as a professor.

—Capt. David Allard, Prosecuting Attorney of Washington county, Ohio, was found dead in bed.

—A. B. Meacham, of Modoc fame, died of apoplexy in Washington.

POLITICAL.

—The President has signed the commission of Frederick A. Tuttle to be Governor of Arizona; George P. Dunham to be Collector of Internal Revenue of the Sixth District of Ohio; William H. Armstrong, of Pennsylvania, to be Commissioner of Railroads.

—Representative Carlisle, of Kentucky, a member of the Ways and Means Committee, feels certain that the bill for a tariff commission cannot pass the Senate.

—The long dead-lock in the New York Legislature was broken by the Tammany Democrats and Republicans combining against the Tilden Democrats.

—Mr. Major will probably get a seat in the House as a representative-at-large from New Jersey.

—In the Virginia Senate, Mr. Newberry offered a resolution politely inviting Mathe to go to Washington and attend to his Senatorial duties, instead of spending his time in Richmond.

GENERAL.

—Postmaster General Howe has appealed to all the Postmasters in the United States for contributions to the Garfield monument fund.

—The Supreme Court of the State of Tennessee has rendered a decision declaring invalid and unconstitutional the act of April, 1841, which provided for the compromise of the State debt.

—Fitz John Porter had a long interview with President Arthur the other day, and invited him to a careful perusal of the records as Gen. Grant made before declaring his belief in Porter's innocence.

—William Jennings, superintendent of Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institute, has been elected Mayor of Salt Lake. He is not a politician. There was only a Mormon ticket in the field.

—Gen. Carr has been released from arrest, President Arthur declining to order a court-martial on the charges preferred by Gen. W. C. Cox in Arizona.

—The Coronor's jury at Washington came to the conclusion that Sotolito was killed by a ball from his brother's pistol.

—Mrs. Scoville, the sister of Guiton, has written a long and earnest letter to Mrs. Guiton, asking her to intercede to save his life.

—The President entertained leading members of the diplomatic corps with a grand dinner at the White House.

—Every hotel in Washington refused to entertain the colored Jubilee singers.

FIRES AND CASUALTIES.

—During a theatrical performance at Columbus, Ohio, the treasurer found a concealed revolver at the end of his nose, and saw a thief disappear with the night's receipts.

—A spark from a locomotive ignited an oil tank at Olcott, N. Y., and two others soon caught fire. The loss is estimated at over \$100,000.

—The piano-case factory of Dalmatian & Co., in Twenty-first street, New York, was destroyed by fire, causing a loss of \$10,000. A fireman was fatally injured by falling walls.

—In the tunnel of the Potowmuk road, near Baltimore, five laborers were killed by a explosion while stepping aside to get out of the way of a passenger train.

—One man was killed and several severely

injuries by a railroad collision at Akron, Ohio.

—The ship *Glenmorris* brought to New York ten persons rescued from the steamship *Baltimore*, which was wrecked in her voyage from Porto Rico to New York. These were the sole survivors of a passenger and crew list of thirty-five.

—Extensive woodenware works at Warren, Pa., burned.

—The military academy at Chester, Pa., conducted by Col. Hyatt, was destroyed by fire. Post \$125,000. There were 125 cadets in attendance.

—Ondalo B. Potter, owner of the destroyed World Building, in New York, was laid in \$5,000 bid by the Coroner.

—Ed Hartner, a Steamboat (Ohio) murderer sent on bail, fell from a ladder on his knife, which he had been using in pruning grapevines, and was fatally wounded.

—A fire, causing damage to the extent of

\$100,000, occurred in a candy factory at Louisville.

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THE AVALANCHE.

O. PALMER, Editor and Proprietor

Entered at the Post Office at Grayling,
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THURSDAY, FEB. 23, 1882.

WATER ON THE PLAINS.

THE WATER SUPPLY OF THIS REGION
AND ITS EFFECT UPON AGRICUL-
TURE.

The question "Can I find water on the plains?" is often asked and many different answers given. One of the striking features is the absence of small streams. Lakes and ponds without number can be found having no visible inlet or outlet, all having water clear as crystal and perfectly wholesome; but whence does it come and whither? Various theories are advanced with reference to the so-called veins of water in these regions, some expressing the belief that there are rushing torrents and mighty rivers under ground that supply these lakes, and others believing that the ground may yet sink away in places, engulfing houses, etc., by the wearing action of the water. In a conversation not long since a man of good information on general subjects pointed to the numerous hollows or "kettle holes" in parts of the plains to support the above theory.

In our opinion nothing can be more erroneous. We propose to prove an easy solution to the problem of the water supply of this region, believing it will be of material advantage to those wishing to sink wells, and also to give a clearer idea of the plains from an agricultural point of view. As much rain falls here as on the heavy hard-wood lands, but there are no small streams. Where does the rain go? Directly into the ground. It has been demonstrated to a certainty that the plains stand the drought better than other land. What is the reason? The water is stored as it were in the soil of the plains land. What occurs in the heavier lands? While they are yet covered by the primeval forests the snow slowly melts in the spring, the waters run away towards the sea, and there is a marked rise in the streams. The same occurs during protracted rains. After the same country is cleared up there is nothing to hold the water back for a single hour, and insignificant streams become roaring torrents, and instead of a gentle rise we have destructive inundations. When drought comes that water is a thousand miles away. All this occurs in our very sight and cannot be gainsaid. We have in this instance started with the raindrop and followed it to the sea. Let us now return to the plains, taking the broad, burring river, and following it back until we reach the raindrop. The Atlantic during each month in the year pours a nearly equal amount of its liquid offering into Huron's sparkling expanse of blue. Its tributaries in this country also maintain a nearly uniform flow during the year round. It is almost wholly fed from the secret springs under the plains. Where are these springs? We do not find them breaking out in streams, noisy babbling along the valleys, and tearing along down steep ravines into the river. The water does not thus waste its usefulness in empty show. It slowly percolates the soil in broad sheets miles in width, dripping in individual drops from pebble to pebble and pausing to visit each grain of sand in its slow journey. Places can be found where, on a particular side of a valley, perhaps half way up from the bottom, water can be obtained quite near the surface. Go along the valley for some distance either way and you often find the same state of things to exist. The water then scarcely ever runs in underground rivers, but spreads over nearly level or slightly inclined beds of clay, comes near the surface where the clay almost crops out at the edge of the valley, then percolates the soil below until it comes to a still lower bed of clay, when it flows along that rests in its basin a great, shallow, subterranean lake, until it flows over St. Ignace's basin perhaps miles away, and this so slowly through the sand and gravel that no current is visible. It is now easy to account for the lakes scattered over these regions. We mentioned the depressions or "kettle holes" found plentifully scattered about—some of these dip down into the waters of subterranean seas. They need no visible outlet, for under every grain of sand that forms their beach on the one side water is coming in while it makes its exit in a similar manner at the other. You may ask what good this water does for the low surface? We will tell you. Have you not seen, on a frosty morning, issuing from a well perhaps forty to sixty feet in depth? The temperature of the earth rises for every foot we descend. This assists in the formation of watery vapor at the lower levels, which rises much more easily through the porous soil than through the atmosphere of the well. Partially bury a stone in such soil during a drought, when the parched air even withholds its dew at night, in the morning the lower surface of that stone will be wet. Inexplicable vapor from below has condensed upon it. It is then capable of traveling upward through porous soil, for a long distance, and rises just as naturally and much more easily than the dewdrop, trembling on the rosebud, flies upward to meet the sun and forms a part of your dewy cloud. It is then strange that last summer, when the fields in the southern portion of the State were scorched and bare, the light soil of our plains suffered but little.

Next, what should be our plan in sinking wells? It is plain that artesian wells could very seldom be made a success. In digging for water one should stop digging as soon as water is found, without attempting to pierce through the substratum of clay, for if this is done the water instead of boiling up from below will in most cases disappear. Provided also that no clay or other impervious stratum is met, one need not fear from contamination by surface-water provided a sufficient depth is reached, as we shall explain.

All these phenomena are verified by experience here, and confirm our theory. Now, another point. Foul water from the barn-yard can, by filtering slowly through perfectly clean sand, be made pure. Afterwards examine one of these grains of sand under the microscope. It will be found to be discolored and covered with a sparingly soluble saline-looking accretion. This is the liquid mucus which has been transformed into a solid by a partially chemical and partially mechanical process, which we need not now technically

explain, for the mere fact is enough. This process goes on in porous soils. The sand locks up and holds the fertilizing elements until the rootlets of the plant are ready for them. Mix just a little clay with the sand in your filter and the water runs away turbid. The clay not only refuses to hold the mixture, but is itself washed away.

Our plains land, although light and porous, is far from being perfectly pure sand. The majority of the roads here become packed hard and smooth under the wheels of the wagon; even clay is turned up by the plow in places, and when the hand of man shall restore the vegetable matter, of which frequent fires have robbed it, this land will unquestionably be the best in the State.—Northern Mail.

THE RESCUED PIG.

A STORY SHOWING THE KINDNESS IN THE HEART OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

In one of my temperance pilgrimages through Illinois I met a gentleman who was the companion of a dreary ride which Abraham Lincoln made in a light wagon, going the rounds of a circuit court where he had clients to look after. The weather was rainy, the road heavy with mud of the southern Illinois pattern, never to be imagined as to its blackness and profoundness by him who has not seen it, and assuredly needing no description to jostle the memory of him who has. Lincoln enlivened the way with anecdote and recital, for few indeed were the incidents that relieved the tedium of the trip. At last, wallowing through a "slough" of the most approved western manufacture, they came upon a poor shark of a hog, who had succumbed to gravitation and was literally fast in the mud. The lawyer commented on the poor creature's pitiful condition and drove on. About half a mile was laboriously gone over, when Lincoln suddenly exclaimed:

"I don't know how you feel about it, but I've got to go back and pull that pig out of the slough."

His comrade laughed, thinking it merely a joke; but what was his surprise when Lincoln dismounted, left him to his reflections, and, striding slowly back like a man on stilts picking his way as his long-walking implements permitted, he grappled with the drowning swine, dragged him out of the ditch, left him on its edge to recover his strength, slowly measured off the distance back to his buggy, and the two men drove on as if nothing had happened.

One incident like that, revealing a great and magnanimous character, while yet utterly unknown to fame, is worth a volume of dress-parade records, posthumous or otherwise. It is for this reason we cherish the stories of Lincoln's and of Garfield's obscurity, and delight to find that they were always great.

The grand and brotherly nature which could not consent to see the lowest of animals suffer without coming to its rescue, at great personal discomfort, was nurtured by years of self-abnegation for the great struggle, when he should be strong enough to "put a shoulder to the wheel" that should lift the chariot of state out of the mire and set a subject race upon its feet.—N. Y. Independent.

A HAZARDOUS TRIP.

CROSSING THE STRAITS OF MACKINAW ON THE ICE IN THE NIGHT TIME.

A few months ago Miss Kittle Sheehan, of Emmaet, went to St. Ignace to work in a family as servant girl. In the month of December she was taken sick and sent a letter to her mother requesting her to start for St. Ignace as speedily as possible. The mother left Emmaet about Christmas time and in a few days arrived at her daughter's bedside, where she remained until Kittle died, which was about the 30th of January. Mrs. Sheehan immediately telegraphed to her brother, William Roberts, announcing the death of her daughter, and asking him to come to St. Ignace and arrange to take the body to Emmaet for burial.

Mr. Roberts started at once for St. Ignace, but on arriving at the Straits of Mackinaw he found that the ice had blocked up the channel and the steamer Algoma had stopped running. It was about 10 o'clock at night and he was anxious to cross without any delay. He therefore hired two Indians to pilot him over the ice and snow. In order to guard against any of the party being dropped by falling into an air hole in the ice, they propped a rope and fastened themselves together. They then started on their hazardous trip in single file, one of the Indians taking the lead. After they had gone a short distance the forward Indian fell into an air hole, but he was quickly rescued. His clothes, of course, were soaked with water, and the night being bitterly cold he suffered severely. He urged his companions to run, saying that as soon as his clothes became frozen he would get warm. The rest of the journey was made without any further mishaps, and they arrived at St. Ignace at 3 o'clock in the morning.

Mr. Roberts soon found the house where his sister was guarding the body of her daughter. The body had already been placed in a coffin, and it was decided to recross the Straits at once. Mr. Roberts engaged the services of another Indian, and with the aid of the two first mentioned Indians they started on the return trip. Mrs. Sheehan accompanying the corpse. The weather had grown colder, and the mournful party silently picked their way over the treacherous ice, reaching the opposite shore at 11 o'clock the same morning, seven hours from the time they left St. Ignace. The Indian guides became so cold that they lost the use of their hands, and it was with considerable difficulty they pushed the coffin over the ice and snow.—Port Huron Times.

Clark D. Smith, sheriff of Shiawassee county, under date of Feb. 4th, writes County Clerk Walker as follows: "I have a colored man in jail by the name of Carl O. Brown, for adultery. I have learned that he was married in your county. I wish you to look over the record and send me a certificate of his marriage by return mail." The certificate has been sent, and the man who boasted that he was brought to Mason to turn the colored boy over to the democratic party, has excellent prospects of learning the trade at the expense of the State.—Mason News.

ENGINEER IRVING'S HEROISM.

Now and then, in quiet times of peace, emergencies spring up which demand the highest order of heroism. One of those emergencies occurred at Waynesboro, on Wednesday of last week. Trains No. 22, 12 and 16, on the Chesapeake and Ohio road, going east, had orders to meet and pass four sections of extra trains, coming west, and as a consequence eleven trains were blocked on the main track above Waynesboro awaiting their arrival. After three of the extra trains had passed, the first section of No. 14 started out and commenced ascending the grade to the tunnel. Rain and sleet were falling, and the engine of No. 14 was unable to draw its cars, the engineer of the train immediately following it, Mr. R. P. Irving, detached his engine from his own train, and coupling on to the rear car of No. 14, aided the ascent. After pushing the first train nearly a half mile and giving it a good start, Mr. Irving backed his engine and started to return to his own train, but ere he had reached it he saw a detachment of the train he had left coming down the mountain at a rapid rate, it having become uncoupled from the engine. In an instant the intrepid engineer realized the peril of the situation. Thirteen heavily loaded cars were coming down a 75-foot grade, and each revolution of the wheel was adding velocity to its speed. With rare presence of mind and an iron nerve few men possess, Irving started his engine to meet the descending mass and break the force of the collision. He ran up to within a short distance of the cars, and then reversing to lighten the shock, clutched the lever in his firm grasp and bracing every nerve in his body, awaited the catastrophe. A moment and the crash came. The shock of an avalanche could scarcely have been greater. One of the cars climbed up on the boiler of the engine and another was wrecked. But the brave man had accomplished his purpose. The wild train was stopped and the engineer had saved many precious lives and thousands of dollars worth of property.—Staunton Valley Virginian.

AN ANGEL'S TOUCH.

One evening not long ago a little girl of nine or ten entered a place in which is a bakery, grocery and saloon in one, and asked for five cents worth of tea. "How's your mother?" asked the boy who came forward to wait on her. "Awful sick, and ain't had anything to eat all day." The boy was just then called to wait upon some men who entered the saloon, and the girl sat down. In five minutes she was nodding, and in seven she was sound asleep and leaning her head against a barrel, while she held the poor old nickel in a tight grip between her thumb and finger. One of the men saw her, as he came from the bar, and after asking who she was, said: "Say, you drunks, see here! Here we've been pouring down whisky when this poor child and her mother want bread." Here is a 2-dollar bill that says I've got some feeling left." "And I can add a dollar," observed one. "And I'll give another."

They made up a purse of an even five dollars, and the spokesman carefully put the bill between two of the sleeper's fingers, drew the nickel away, and whispered to his comrades, "Just look a-hee—the gal's dreaming!" So she was. A big tear had rolled out of her closed eyelid, but the face was covered with a smile. The men tip-toed out, and the clerk walked over and touched the sleeping child. She awoke with a laugh, and cried out: "What a beautiful dream! Ma wasn't sick any more, and we had lots to eat and wear, and my hand burns yet, where an angel touched it." When she discovered that her nickel had been replaced by a bill, a dollar of which had covered her down with all she could carry, she innocently said: "Well, now, but I won't hardly believe me that you sent up to Heaven and got an angel to come down and clerk in your grocery."—San Francisco News Letter.

A boy arose one winter morn and came to breakfast rather late. He had awakened upon his plate. His father took him over his knee. Raised his hand off through the air, And when the boy got loose from him He hit his spanker in the chair.

Girls ought to be warned of the frightful danger to be incurred in marrying railroad men, especially brakemen. It is related that the other night a member of that hard-working fraternity, on being aroused from a dream of an impending crash, was found by his wife by the ears, having nearly twisted the terrified woman's head off in his ineffectual exertions to down brakes.—Bay City Tribune.

St. Clair has been thrown into a state of unusual excitement by the sudden disappearance of Miss Jessie Blood, a daughter of F. H. Blood, who is well known outside as well as in the city. Miss Blood's mother is away from home on a visit to a married daughter, Mrs. Hollis, of East Saginaw, but there were with the young lady in the house at the time Sunday night, her father and Miss Kimball. Jessie is 18 years of age, and a very estimable and intelligent young lady, much respected among her young friends and companions, with several of whom she was in company Sunday evening. To them she seemed to be in her usual good spirits. Later she was slightly indisposed, took a dose of medicine, and went to bed at 10:30. Her father arose at the usual hour Monday morning, but she wasn't to be found when called. She was called several times and not answering Miss Kimball went into her room and announced that she had disappeared. It appeared that she had not gone to bed at all, but had undressed and put on a dressing gown. Search was at once made and a note found on the table addressed to her father, stating that she was too unhappy to live and to mourn her loss, as she had gone forever. Inquiry was made among her companions but nothing discovered. Tracks were found across the road to the river in front of her father's house. The tracks led to a hay dock. Her steps appeared to have been retraced to the gate and then back to the river. These were shoe tracks, but it cannot be ascertained that she had shoes on. There is not a breath of suspicion attached to her name, which leaves her act under the circumstances, unaccountable. Some believe it a fit of somnambulism. A brother died about three years ago from an overdose of laudanum.—Detroit Post and Tribune.

Spell "murder" backwards and you have its cause, in most cases.

Eight barrels of unstamped whisky have been seized in an East Saginaw saloon kept by one Francis Barbier.

Allen Paul, who has this winter lumbered extensively on the Sable, died last week from injuries recently received while at camp by a falling tree.

She was a Boston woman—tall, angular and thin, with false curls and a sour visage. Beside her sat her husband, a little, meek demure-looking man, who seemed incapable of boldness of speech or action. Presently a guest at the other end of the table bawled out at the top of his voice: "Waiter, fetch the vinegar! cruel!" Then the demure-looking little man turned to her and said, "Dovey, somebody wants you."

The Rev. Dr. McCosh, of Princeton college, tells a story of a negro who played earnestly that he and his colored brethren might be preserved from their "upsettin' sins." Brudder, said one of the friends at the close of the meeting, "you ain't got de hang dat ar word. It's 'besettin', not 'upsettin'." Brudder, replied the other, "if dat's so it's so. But I was prayin' de Lord to save us from de sin ob toxicin, an' if dat ain't an upsettin' sin I dunno what am."—N. Y. Post.



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